

# Some things change in enchancing, wise ways

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PROVO — I am auditing a class at BYU. It's been exactly 50 years since I sat in Y. classrooms as a student. The students today are young, bright, and perceptive. I'm glad I can just sit and listen.

But the single thing that has impressed me most is something I encountered the other day and thought to myself: "Only at BYU could this happen." Maybe not, but I don't think you'd see much of it at other colleges and universities of the nation. You would never have seen it 50 years ago at BYU, I can assure you that.

I was leaving the classroom when I spied an enchanting 11-month-old (that's 11 months, not 11 years) little girl seated on the desk-table being admired by a coed. I thought the coed was her mother, but it turned out she was just admiring and playing with the child. The little girl's equally enchanting young mother sat a row behind. They were awaiting the next class. The child had not cried at all in the previous class, the mother said.

I made no intimate inquiries as to why the mother had to bring an 11-month old child to a college class. I presume there had been a foulup with the baby-sitter's schedule. I presume also that if it cried, the young mother would calmly take it out, like she would in church. At the moment, before the class had begun, the child was doting on all the attention she was receiving.



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TO LUKE

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Mentally wishing them well I departed, again thinking: "Only at BYU."

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I have received a fan letter from Heber, place of my birth and where I'm delighted to get fan letters from. (If you English majors will overlook ending with a preposition, I'll leave that as it is).

Mrs. Venola Ohlwiler Cowley, who knew my parents and my older brothers and sisters, wants to know where the old Aird Hospital in Provo was located. I knew where it was, Mrs. Cowley, but I made a special trip to see what shape it's in. Run by Dr. John Aird, one of your great old family physicians who would come to your home at 3 in the morning if he felt it was necessary, the hospital was located on the northwest corner of the intersection of Second South and First East. It was a converted old home, almost of modest mansion status. And it doesn't look a bit different today. If it has been painted since then, it hasn't been often. It is now occupied by a firm of lawyers and the tenants of four or five apartments.

It was then Provo's only and maybe earliest hospital. The Crane Maternity Home was on South University but it dealt only in babies. I suppose the Aird Hospital was primitive by today's standards, but many a person survived operations and other medical crises in it, and many a Utah Valley citizen alive today was born in it. It was also the hospital where Heber Valley residents went if they had to have one.

I never remember meeting him, but Dr. John Aird was the uncle of my brother-in-law, the late Douglas Giles. The latter spoke of him often. He was a legend in early Central Utah medicine.

Mrs. Cowley was teacher at Heber's old North School about the same time I went to the first and second grades there, although I can remember only my own teachers, Miss Carrie of the first grade, who taught me discipline but scared me to death in the process, and Miss Giles of the second grade, who taught me to read and changed my life.

Mrs. Cowley, then I'm sure Miss Ohlwiler, gave me a delightful little tidbit about my mother, which I shall add to all the others I cherish (she died when I was 15).

It seems that once a year my Mother gave an old-fashioned dinner for all the teachers of the North School. That would be like her. And it would be a dinner a queen could not surpass.